

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

No. 24.

With which is incorporated
The International Socialist Review for Australasia.

SYDNEY: OCTOBER 8, 1910.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney,
for transmission by post as a Newspaper.

PRICE, ONE PENNY.

BROTHER—FALL IN!

Does it make you mad when you read about
Some poor, starved devil who flickered out,
Because he had never a decent chance
In the tangled meshes of circumstance?
If it makes you burn like the fires of sin,
Brother, you're fit for the ranks. Fall in!

Does it make you rage when you come to learn
Of a clean-souled woman who could not eat
Enough to live, and who fought, but fell
In the cruel struggle, and went to hell;
Does it make you seethe with an anger hot?
Brother, we welcome you—share our lot!

Whoever has blood that will flood his face
At the sight of the least in the holy place,
Whoever has rage for the tyrant's might,
For the powers that prey in the day and night;
Whoever has hate for the ravaging brute
That strips the tree of its goodly fruit,
Whoever knows wrath at the sight of pain,
Of needless sorrow and heedless gain;
Whoever knows bitterness, shame, and gall
At the thought of the trampled ones doomed to fall,
He is a brother in blood, we know,
With brain afire and with heart aglow;
By the light in his eyes we sense our kin!
Brother, you battle with us—fall in!

—BERNARD RINGROSE WISE, in *La Follette's Magazine*.

The Passing Show.

CONDUCTED BY OTUS.

SENATOR PEARCE SAYS the new defence
scheme will completely revolutionise rifle-
shooting. Schoolboys and junior cadets
will be taught to shoot at miniature ranges.
Later on, they'll be ordered to shoot at
one another—when the strike happens along.

Wade sent Peter Bowling to jail—in leg-
irons.

Sydney Eight-hours Committee invited
Wade, jailer and leg-ironer, to be present at
its annual banquet.

Doesn't this prove that a fool-killer is
needed right on the spot where the Eight-
hours Committee lives?

A girl with a bird's throat has been dis-
covered in Victoria.

In N.S.W. THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST
has found a whole host of political men with
throats like birds—lyre birds.

Only a little while ago Mrs. Rhys Davies
journeyed through N.S.W. as (apparently
paid) organiser and lecturer for the Leg-
ions Party, shrieking anathema against
every Labor candidate. Deserving Wade,
Carruthers, and Co., Mrs. Rhys Davies next
appeared on the platform with Mr. John
Haynes. The latest report to hand indi-
cates that Mrs. Rhys Davies is now support-
ing Labor-candidate English for Belmont,
but whether in the capacity of paid organ-
iser or not this paper doesn't profess to
know. Anyhow, Mrs. Rhys Davies' name
isn't consistency, although it might easily
be Chameleon.

The Labor Party can't find money to pay
decent remuneration to the postal em-
ployees; but it is going to reduce postage to
one penny to suit the business people.
The postal workers will have to pay for this
concession to business interests.

It is by the people who do the work that
the hours of labor, the conditions of em-
ployment, the division of produce, is to be
determined; it is by them the captains of
industry are to be chosen to be servants, not
masters.—H. D. LYONS.

While the Verran Government is crowing
over the alleged prosperity of S.A., it is
carefully covering up the fact that the boasted
prosperity is that of one class only—the ex-
ploited. The workers' cost of living has
very largely increased. This is proved by
returns concerning rents alone, which have
increased from 20 to 40 per cent.

Speaking at the Socialist Party Hall,
Adelaide, on a recent Sunday night, Hugh
J. Gillespie, who took as his subject "The
scientific basis of Socialism," said that so-
cial evolution was inevitably changing the
economic face of society. Unions like the
I.L.U. were being irresistibly driven by local
forces to fulfil the destiny of the working
class. One of the most persistent charac-
teristics of humankind was fear of that
which was not understood. Primitive man
invested what he could not explain with
errors, and civilised people made bogies
of such words as Socialism, because they did
not know what they signified.

George Black tells *Barrier Truth*: "The
Labor Party does not like Bowling's
methods, nor yet his politics, but it ob-
jects to his severe punishment, and to the
manner in which his convictions were ob-
tained."

The Socialist Party objects not so much
to the severity of Peter Bowling's punish-
ment as to the fact that he was punished at
all; not so much as to how he was tried, as
that he should ever have been called upon to
undergo a trial.

A sham fight was arranged the other day
between school cadets at Auburn. Playing
at toy soldiers with blank cartridges didn't
suit the lads, so some of them used pens for
bullets; and several casualties were reported.
Frantic efforts were made officially to hush
the matter up, but somehow or other it
wouldn't hush-up worth a goldarn.

If the murder instinct is cultivated, its
ripe fruit has got to be plucked sooner or
later.

"Hotwind" writes in *Vie Labor Call*:
"Let the Australian Political Party adhere
to its name; it is not a Socialist party; it is
not represented at the International Social-
ist Congress; but will be represented at the
Empire Building in Africa."

One of the best contributions to the "So-
cialist Tactics" discussion was that of W.
James, in a recent *Melbourne Socialist*.

Through his mother, Queen Alexandra,
King George is cousin to innumerable Dan-
ish Royalties, and through his Hanoverian
ancestry he is related to the Duke of Cum-
berland, the Grand Duchess of Mecklen-
burg-Strelitz, and the Crown Prince of
Montenegro. But his relationship must be
as endless as varied, when one considers
that the late Queen Victoria, his famous
grandmother, left no fewer than 88 chil-
dren, grandchildren, and great-grandchil-
dren. It is estimated that King George
must have at least 40,000 living relatives,
distant and far removed.

Talk about rabbits!

"Ajax": It appears the cadets are in
for a treat. The *Sunday Sun* says:—

"Great strictness as regards social mat-
ters is going to be the rule at the new mili-
tary school. No cadet will be allowed to
drink intoxicating liquor. Any cadet found
under the influence of intoxicating liquor
will be dismissed. Cadets will require per-
mission to enter hotels, billiard-rooms,
theatres, concerts, and ballrooms. Gam-
bling and cigarettes will be prohibited,
and smoking permitted only in certain
hours."

It is highly probable that cadets will be-
come drunkards to avoid the curse of con-
scription.

A Goulburn dairy-farmer says he lived
without food for exactly six weeks, the only
nourishment he took being a little milk and
sugar in three cups of coffee daily. Once,
for 17 days, he tried drinking water only,
but this latter experiment failed.

If this dairy-farmer were only a wage-
worker, what a rush there'd be for his ser-
vices. A chap who could live for six weeks
without food would be able to work for
nothing a week and find himself; which,
however would be only a trifle under the rate
many of our farm "hands" work for now.

Comrade Chelmsford says "it is essen-
tial that every man in Australia should be
trained in the use of arms, and should be a
marksman under discipline." Essential for
protection of the property the Australian
capitalist has stolen from Labor. "Under
discipline" because if every Australian
were a marksman nor under discipline he
might be tempted to refuse to shoot his fel-
low-worker on strike. Should he refuse "un-
der discipline," he would be liable to be shot
himself. Comrade Pearce should rejoice that
Brother Chelmsford is with him on this
weighty question of compelling the workers
to learn how to shoot one another for the
profit of the shirkers.

This paper isn't of a betting disposition.
It respects the law, anyhow, and wouldn't
think of betting anywhere but inside the
particular fence where the religious Mr.
Wade says it's perfectly legal and moral to
bet. But it will put up one of Fisher's
flimsy bank notes in support of its opinion
that Brother Power, of the Electrical and
Mechanical Staff, won't be in Josiah
Thomas's employ six months hence.

Bernard Ringrose Wise, speaking at Par-
amatta, said:

"It was a significant thing that such
young and stalwart Liberals as Mr. O'Reilly
and Mr. E. E. McLean, who stood by Mr.
Reid in the reform movement many years
ago, were now found fighting in the ranks
of Labor."

It is, too—significant of the fact that the
"Labor" Party now stands exactly where
the so-called Liberal Party stood when those
"young and stalwart Liberals" (each of
them is well on the way towards 50) stood by
Mr. Wiggler Reid.

Political-opportunist parson Cowling told
an Ashfield meeting: "His motto was
less poverty, less hardship, less ignorance;
more wages, more prosperity, and more edu-
cation."

The man who wants "more wages"
wants a continuance of wage-slavery. The
man who understands working-class eco-
nomics wants nothing less than the aboli-
tion of the wages system.

Sydney *Vanguard* reported, at the Berlin
police assaults on the workers, that the "po-
lice fired on the mob." The average capitalist
mind can never bring itself to regard the
workers as other than a mob—just as sheep
and cattle are a mob.

Sydney dailies reported how, during the
Berlin police attacks, "an outrage was com-
mitted by police on British and American
pressmen." It seems that the police ob-
jected to the pressmen, who were in a motor-
car, witnessing the assaults on the people.
When the pressmen didn't move along as
desired, the police belted them with the flat
of their swords. The police desired to have
a monopoly of reporting the "riots."

It is significant that the dailies don't refer
to the killing of the workers as "a police
outrage."

A Leg-ions candidate named Noad told
some Lithgow people that the Industrial
Disputes Act had received support from
Messrs. Macdonell, McGowan, Kelly,
Reeby, and others.

Well, what of that? Does it become any
better Act when a number of other unrelia-
ble politicians with middle-class minds join
Mr. L. Noad in supporting it?

"Another Roman Catholic" writes to the
daily press to say that the mere fact of a
Labor member (Reeby) being a Mason does
not affect the issue so far as the Catholics
are concerned. "I support the party," he
says, "which will, when a majority of
Catholics control it, GIVE US A FAIR CHANCE
FOR THE SCHOOLS WE MAINTAIN AT SUCH GREAT
EXPENSE." Which seems to indicate secta-
rian-education rocks ahead for the Labor
Party.

Leg-ions Wood has been dangling all
sorts of political bribes (past, present, and
future) before his constituents: Railways,
wharves, schools, sports grounds, jails, etc.
About the only things he didn't promise
them in return for their votes were leg-
ions.

Members of the Society of Friends in
Melbourne declare that they would sooner
have their sons placed under arrest than see
them made into compulsorily-trained mur-
derers.

The Socialists say: Hear, hear!

Labor-member Gustave Thomas Carlyle
Miller (whose formidable name is supplu-
mented by a voice that shouts through the
land like a bellowing blast from the wilds of
Kosciusko) has been telling an unfortunate
crowd at Cooma that "the Labor Party men
are the political disciples of the Abnighly
in their endeavors to uplift humanity."

A case of McGowan, Holman, Gus. Miller,
God, and Co., Ltd.?

The *Daily Telegraph* credits Leg-ions can-
didate Innes-Noad (a man of independent
means) with having told a Lithgow meeting
that "Peter Bowling had made a declaration
that he brought about the strike in order to
make the workers class-conscious."

If Innes-Noad really said that, then Innes-
Noad is guilty of moral perjury, and the
truth isn't in him, and he's a man not only
of independent means but of stupendous
meanness, and the length and breadth and
depth of his stupid mendacity couldn't be
measured with all the red tape that is
tangled about the groggy misunderstandings
of the Coercion Party.

The immeasurable stupidity that environs
craft unionism was demonstrated in connec-
tion with the fixing of slaughtermen's wages
in Adelaide, when the slaughtermen's secre-
tary, Labor-member Styles, M.L.C., declared
—after terms had been arranged:

"WE HAVE AGREED TO BIND OUR-
SELVES BY WHATEVER LEGAL
MEANS THEY (THE EMPLOYERS)
LIKE TO ARRANGE."

This is rivetting the legal shackles on with
a vengeance. It means that we are willing
to bind ourselves in any way the bosses wish
to blackleg against our fellow-unionists who
may be involved in industrial struggles in
days to come.

The week before last a parcel of THE IN-
TERNATIONAL SOCIALIST, posted on Thursday,
was delivered to Miss Cole, a Bahmain agent,
on Saturday afternoon. It took the G.P.O.,
just two days to convey the parcel from
Sydney to Bahmain—a distance of two
miles. The department seems to move at the
rate of exactly one mile a day. Of course,
the delay is due to the intolerable sweating
conditions in the postal department.

Last week a parcel for Messrs. Hanwell
and Simpson, Camperdown agents, was sub-
jected to the same delay.

Josiah Thomas seems to think that he can
take the same time to deliver THE INTERNA-
TIONAL SOCIALIST to the public that he used
to take in his local preaching days to say a
prayer at the Lord. Well, he can't. Provi-
dence will put up with a lot of things this
paper wouldn't stand. THE INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST isn't so long-suffering as Provi-
dence.

Labor Premier John Verran of S.A. says
the drink evil is the greatest enemy of the
working man. If they solved the drink
question and the gambling evil, they would
solve two of the greatest problems of the
Twentieth Century.

This paper doesn't like to take even Mr.
Verran's own word for it that he is as eco-
nomically uninformed as this statement
would make it appear.

The greatest enemy of the working-man is
that Capitalism which robs him of more
than two-thirds of the wealth his labor cre-
ates.

The "drink evil" is born of this fact.

Here is the world's Socialist vote com-
piled by the International Socialist Bureau
at the last elections in the countries named:

Germany	3,250,000
France	1,100,000
Austria	1,100,000
United States	600,000
England	500,000
Belgium	500,000
Italy	320,000
Finland	320,000
Switzerland	100,000
Denmark	90,000
Norway	90,000
Holland	82,000
Sweden	75,000
	8,172,000

That's the sort of stuff that is calculated
to give Leg-ions and Strike-Breakers a
nasty taste in the mouth.

Barabbas and Iscariot exchange compli-
ments.

Capitalist Harper of the Adelaide Cham-
ber of Commerce, in proposing the toast of
"The Ministry" at a recent social drunk,
said:

"The Chamber had every reason to be-
lieve that they would be under a debt of
gratitude to the Verran Government, as they
had been to the Price Government."

In responding Premier Verran declared:
"The Chamber of Manufactures was an
institution in which they were all interested.
The present Government desired to help it
in every way. . . . He hoped that at the
end of his term of office the people who
were leading the manufacturing interests of
the State would have no reason to complain.
IN REGARD TO MATTERS OF THAT NATURE,
THERE WAS NO SUCH THING AS PARTY POLI-
TICS. . . . If the Government were
approached at any time, he was sure they
would do all that was possible for the Cham-
ber."

NEXT ISSUE OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIAL-
IST will be a Ferrer Memorial Number.
Ferrer was murdered at Montjuich on Oct.
13, 1909.

Watch for the Red Mark.

Receipt of Sample Copy of this Paper is an invitation to you to become a Subscriber.

The International Socialist

Official Organ of Revolutionary Socialism in N.S.W.

Under the control of Joint Executives,
International Socialists.

H. E. HOLLAND, Editor.

Offices: 61 Goulburn-street, Sydney.

Headquarters: 274 Pitt Street, Sydney.

All Business Communications to be addressed to the Manager.

All Literary Communications to be addressed to the Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION:

Australia—1s. per year; 1s. per quarter.
New Zealand—2s. per year; 2s. per quarter.
Other Countries—2s. per year; 2s. per quarter.

The International Socialist will be sent FREE OF CHARGE to Schools of Arts, on condition that it is required.

Obtainable from

The International Socialist Group, Sydney.
The Socialist Party of Victoria, Melbourne.
The Socialist Party of South Australia, Adelaide.
The Socialist Party of New Zealand, Wellington.
The Socialist Party of New South Wales, Sydney.
The Socialist Party of New South Wales, Sydney.
The Socialist Party of New South Wales, Sydney.
The Socialist Party of New South Wales, Sydney.

And all Newsagents.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

Printing

AT THE

Marxian Printing House

61 Goulburn St., Sydney.

Socialist Literature.

The Clearest and Best Pamphlets and other Works on
Revolutionary Socialism are sold by

The International Socialist Literature Department...

274 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

Write for Catalogue to O. W. JORGENSEN, secretary,
Literature Department, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Committee and General Meetings.

The following meetings will be held at 274 Pitt-street, Sydney, during the forthcoming week:—
Tuesday, 8.30 p.m.—Administrative Council.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Joint Executive.
Monday, 8.30 p.m.—Joint Executive.
Monday, 9.15 p.m.—Party Executive.

To our Contributors.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST are reminded that our space is exceedingly limited. Therefore short articles and crisp and snappy paragraphs will have the best chance of securing publication.

Writers are asked to note that preference will be given to articles dealing with current industrial and political events from a Revolutionary Socialist viewpoint. Articles must not exceed 1000 words. Open Column contributions exceeding 500 words cannot be printed.

Write legibly, on one side of the paper only, and leave good space between the lines.

When posting, leave ends open, and mark "Press Copy Only." A penny stamp will then be sufficient from any part of Australia.

Every contribution must bear the writer's name, not necessarily for publication.

A Red Mark

through this paragraph indicates that YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE WITH NEXT ISSUE, and must be renewed within ten days from date of this issue if you wish the paper to continue. If your Subscription is not renewed within the time stated, the Executive will take it as an intimation that you wish to have the supply of the paper discontinued.

Friends and Members visiting THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST office are requested to assist in getting business done with expedition. DON'T STAY TO TALK. We're always busy, and the delays we are subjected to in the daytime we have to make up for by working through the night hours.

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not, fight on; to-morrow comes the song;
Be strong, be strong.

—M. D. BABOCH.

Concerning the Agitator.

BY J. BLUMENTHAL.

"You're only an agitator!" What thoughts are induced when active participators in movements for social progress are greeted with this scornful epithet!

Agitator! Noble word! The hallmark of virility, of intellectuality, of sound principle and noble passion!

The Agitator is absolutely essential to human progress. The records of time are indications of that fact. But there are all kinds of Agitators in every walk of life. Especially prominent among them all are the Working-Class and the Master-Class Agitator. Sandwiched between is the modern Reformer and Philanthropist, with their crack-brained ideas on the causes of poverty and its cure. This class, with one or two exceptions, has never left a mark on the bloody pages of history. They are ignorant meddlers, well-meaning, perhaps, but who do not understand the fundamental basis of our economic life and are totally uninformed of the historical failures of similar measures in the past.

The Master-Class can claim scores of men of ability who have used the already made machines of social repression for the furtherance of the cause of their class.

But to the Working-Class belongs the honor of having produced the men and women who, in a large or small sense, advocated their interests at the sacrifice of happiness, home, and even life.

This word Agitator has shown that in their day they have been brutally insulted, jailed, exiled, or murdered, while in the next generation, the reforms for which they suffered being acknowledged and granted, a monument is erected to their memory.

The very sycophants who jailed Peter Bowling are the worshippers, in theory if not in practice, of a Philosopher who was eventually murdered by the dominant class for "breaking the peace," "inciting to revolt," etc.

The echoes of edumny have not even yet subsided round the names of bygone Agitators: Voltaire, called the liberator of the human race, the man who once and for all tore the sacerdotal bandages from the eyes of the workers; and exposed with his terrible repartee and wit the combination of Church and State, and with Rousseau, the provoker of the French Revolution, a warning to despotic monarchs and governments the world over; Thomas Paine, freethinker, American and French Revolutionist, founder of the first Abolitionist Society; Robert Owen, one of the grandest of history's grand men, inherent Socialist, exposé of child-slavery, communist, advocate of unionism; Granville Sharp, Clarkson, and Wilberforce, English slave emancipators; W. L. Garrison, America's Abolitionist; Richard Oastler, Shaftesbury, Sadler, Charles Kingsley, and others previous to 1887; while in that year Cunningham Graham, Hyndman, Annie Besant, and Burns, [the latter now a renegade] were charged by the police and military in Trafalgar Square for advocating the right of free speech.

Some of the greatest sufferers were men of science whose sublime and epoch-marking truths have earned for themselves a niche in the scroll of fame. We see such men as Copernicus (discoverer of the sun as centre of our system), Galileo, Tycho Brahe, Giordano Bruno, Kepler (discoverer of the three Laws of Planetary Movements); Spinoza (resolution of all phenomena in terms of substance; God-Monism); Immanuel Kant and Laplace (formulator and

expoinder of the Nebular Theory); Herschel, astronomer; Lyell, geologist; Von Baer, embryologist; Von Mohl (discoverer of Protoplasm); Schwann (founder of Cell Theory); Helmholtz (formulator of doctrine of the Conservation of Matter); Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel, Lamarck, Ingersoll, etc.—all have been bitterly and cruelly persecuted and some have even had life extinguished for their consistency of principle.

What has occurred in the days gone by is occurring at the present moment. Bowling, Burns, Lewis, Brennan, Gray, and other "dangerous agitators," have suffered the usual fate of workers' champions, but the reception of their infamous persecution has indicated the awakening of the people to a class crime that is a good augury for the spread of the demand for those working class rights that will eventually wipe out all past wrongs and secure present and future workers their full economic liberty.

I glory in the fact that I am an Agitator. To get away from the debasing small and purposeless talk of mediocrities is indeed a relief. Looked upon perhaps as "peculiar," the Agitator has the satisfaction of crushing the superficial knowledge of his interrogator by an extensive study in his particular branch of knowledge. Shunned by "friends," and often ruined in business, is the agitator's lot if he carries out his principles by propaganda. This persecution has the effect of solidifying his nature, and he can be looked up to with respect, while the rest meander through life with out a struggle to bear them up.

So let us shout: "Vive le Agitator!"

When Thou Supportest with the Wolf...

BY A
LOOKER-
ON.

Keep the dogs near when thou supportest with the wolf.—EVENING PROVERB

Ox Saturday evening last, while Peter Bowling lay—a prisoner of Capitalism—in Goulburn Jail, his ears assailed by the clanging of doors and the rattling of keys, and the harsh cries and measured tramping of armed sentinels, "Industrially-organised Labor," as reflected by the Sydney Eight-hours' Committee, was holding its annual banquet at the Trades Hall.

Industrially-organised Labor, did I say? Well, let it be "industrially-disorganised Labor." "Labor" forgetful of its heroes and martyrs—victims of vicious Capitalism. "Labor" servilely grovelling on its belly in the thick political slime at the feet of the Rent-Lord, the Money-Lord, Figurehead of the Class State!

I strolled with another into the banquetting hall. Saw there the Chairman of the Eight-hours' Committee. On his right, Lord Chelmsford—who gave official sanction to the class criminality that jailed and ironed the coal-strike leaders and wrecked the strike; on his left, ex-coalminer Andrew Fisher, who traitorously crept in the blackness of the night to Bulli, and there conspired with other Judases, and sent the western miners back a-scabbing on their fellows—to save the financial interests of the western farmers! Seated along the tables were John Hughes, representing the brutal Leg-iron Government of N.S.W.; and Allen Taylor, whose lady-mayoreess wore £70,000 worth of jewellery at a ball to raise £500 to get fresh air for the poor; and ex-boiler-maker McGowan, who promises to give the unionists two months' jail if they go on strike when he is premier; and McDougall, and Turley, and Gardiner (who supported Joe Cook in '95), and Guthrie (who tried to organise the scab crew for the Sonoma in 1907).

In vain did I look for Albert

Burns, Andrew Gray, W. Brennan, Amran Lewis, Butler, O'Connor. "Perhaps I'll get a glimpse of them" (I thought) "when they are called upon to speak."

I heard the apologies read. Wade wrote the conventional lie—he "regretted his inability to attend!" Truth is: Broken Hill has rebelled, the Wharf laborers have rebelled, even the mild Furniture Traders have rebelled against drinking champagne and clinking glasses with the Leg-iron man. Other Leg-ironers (Waddell, Hogue, Moore) also sent written apologies. The crime of it is that any of them should have been invited!

This fool crowd that will rise to gulp down a multitude of toasts can't see that it's just as criminal to have Chelmsford, or Hughes, M.L.C., or Fisher, or Allen Taylor—or any other member or tool of the capitalist class—there as it would have been to welcome Wade.

The chairman rose to propose a toast. What was it? *The Revolutionising Working Class!* Hardly. It was "THE KING!" The Figurehead of International Capitalism in the British Empire! We held our breath while they said "Gorsave!"

The chairman rose again. The toast—What was it?—"Peter Bowling"—jailed by the police class; hounded by the working class? Gently, brother. It was: "THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND THE STATE GOVERNOR." The Governor-General is the figurehead of the Class State in Australia; he is a mighty exploiter before the Lord—he is both landlord and coal-baron. Thousands and tens of thousands he wrings from the blood and sweat and sacrifice of the coal workers. Who cares? The State Governor is a Rent Lord! Who cares? What if Labor-member McDougall did write:

With the last, above you're all like a man, in that manner.
Most you enough before the Rent Lords, in the waters of the World?
Have you saved so long, and I enabled in shadow of a sword
That you cannot face a master or look squarely at a Lord?

Chelmsford is a LORD, do you hear, you wage-slaves? Down on your bellies in the mud! It would be sacrilege to look squarely at HIM.

The chairman orated. He told them—and there were tears of fulsome adulation in his voice—how pleased they all should be to have such a Lord with them, and that "Lord Chelmsford's recent tour of the State would enable him to speak authoritatively on the prospects of Australia." (Was it look of amusement—or was it only disgust—that crept over the Vice-regal Johnny's features?)

Comrade Chelmsford arose. How the political politicians and silly wage-slaves made that old hat rattle and shake with the thunders of their stupid applause.

Silence fell when the noble Lord commenced to speak, and you could almost hear the collective heart of that gathering thumping on its loyalty in irregular beating.

He told them how a Governor has to walk the tight rope of rhetoric. [What does that mean? Was the brother explaining the lie he has to live, or was he only showing us how he has to swallow his principles, like many a wage-slave, to keep his job?] He said the rail-sitting politician's task is nothing to the mental and linguistic feats in the aerobatic line that he has to perform. He tickled their ears [O fools and blind!] and told them how—[Heavens, how they did applaud him!]
---that the eight-hours' movement "aims at winning for men leisure to work on personality." I watched Andy Fisher and Jim McGowan and John Hughes—saw how enthusiastically they applauded when this Lord man declared: "Whatever views were held regarding working hours, all agreed that man should be permitted to develop to the full the faculties God had given him. Adequate leisure was necessary." None of

them knew what he was driving at; but he was a LORD—and that settled it.

The noble LORD talked a lot more farfarriddle about eight hours and other things; and the ignoble servility around that groaning board applauded him from the mud. It didn't seem to dawn on their paleolithic minds that the reason they have to work eight hours a day now is because Chelmsford and his class don't work at all, and have to be kept by those who do work. Some day they'll learn that if those who work didn't have Chelmsford's useless non-working class to support, it wouldn't be necessary for them to work more than two hours a day.

But this is a preaching—or is it a soliloquy? And the editor says there's no room in this paper for preachments.

The chairman talked again. He proposed "The Federal and State Ministries and Parliaments." The Federal Ministry, whose members helped to wreck the coal strike; the State Ministry that made the Coercion Act, that jailed and leg-ironed honest men. Was the chairman a conscious TRAITOR—or was he only stupidly lying—when he declared that he was "pleased to see Mr. John Hughes, M.L.C., present, representing the Ministry and regretted the absence of the Premier."

There was horror and consternation and reprobation on the features of Andy Fisher and Jim McGowen and the chairman and the politicians when, at this stage of the chairman's address, a raucous voice shouted "Leg-irons."

I looked hard at Chelmsford, but there was only a half-amused, half-contemptuous, smile lurking about the corners of his countenance.

Andrew Fisher—strike-breaker and betrayer—was welcomed with wild applause. But whoever listened to such a dismal tale of woe? "We've arrived, brothers! We are the majority. But our powers are circumscribed." (Why are they circumscribed, brother?) Fisher proceeded to say that the eight-hours day was as the mountain-height of their political ambitions. Not a word did he say, though, concerning the refusal of his Government to give the eight-hours day to the sweated postal employees. He side-stepped the ugly fact that the eight-hours-a-day workers have to hump Brother Chelmsford and Co. along; and impressed upon his listening admirers, or admiring listeners (which is it, Mr. Editor?) that "Governments have to carry out their duty whether pleasant or unpleasant." [This in anticipation of the day when Fisher and Co. will walk the blood-red ways of the German Hohenzollern when industrial war rages. The Wade Government had to carry out its "duty," however unpleasant. The German Government has to carry out its "duty," however unpleasant. See?] And then he declared that "he looked forward to the time when the whole of the English-speaking people will be bound together with the common arms of the peace of the world and the protection of everything that tends towards the progress of humanity." There's no internationalism about Fisher and Co. They're Britishers—and Britishers only.

John Hughes, M.L.C., responded for N.S.W. Leg-irons Government. He said Mr. Fisher would be a worthy representative of Australian Capitalism in Africa. Of course, that's not quite the way he put it—but it's true, all the same.

Senator McGregor, the chap who once announced the Labor Party as for sale to the highest bidder, talked about the L.P.'s victory of April 13. It was not a revival, it was not a revolution, it was not even a reconstruction; it was a REFORMATION.

Even a Labor Senator may accidentally hit the truth sometimes; and the giddy old Scot is right. It is a reformation—of a sort. And some

one has written that every time you re-form a wrong you make it more potent for evil. Let the Labor Party have its re-for-r-r-mation, brother McGregor. The Men Who Know want the Social Revolution.

James Sinclair Taylor McGowen, leader of His Majesty's Constitutional Opposition, was the next to talk. He argued that the eight-hours day had been "won by organisation," and he talked nearly as much old twaddle as his brother-opportunist Chelmsford. Like Fisher, he was silent about Josiah's 14-hours-a-day postal employees.

Hepher, M.L.C., J. C. Watson, Professor David [bourgeois glorifier of murderer Diaz], and others followed. David was welcomed with great applause.

We waited in vain, looked in vain, for the "strike prisoners." Their presence might have caused pain to Comrade Chelmsford—who is a real live LORD. So, they were not there.

The meeting closed with cheers for Revolutionary Socialism and Peter Bowling—well, hardly!

LORD Chelmsford proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, and as we grabbed our hats and fled into the night, John Travers and Andrew Fisher and Jas. McGowen were striking attitudes preparatory to once again singing "Gorsave" in 19 different keys. But the thought that was uppermost in my mind as my mate and I stepped out into the starshine was a query whether this crowd "must always shiver at a muck-rake, and look never to the light."

It will take years to get the nausea of that squirm in the mud by Australian Labor out of my nostrils.

On Monday I went to see the procession.

And this is what I saw: Bands and banners, banners and bands, drags and prancing fours, and professional politicians and pot-bellied plutes, and perspiring wage-slaves, and haggard, anxious faces of the poor—and such a lot of other things that I should like to describe in next issue of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

Josiah Thomas's Sweatshop.

BY H. E. HOLLAND.

FROM Singleton there comes bitter and cruel proof of the manner in which men are sweated, and then penalised for being sweated, by Labor-member Thomas's department. A daily press report sets forth that at Singleton Quarter Sessions, "William Sammerville Henderson was charged that, on August 8, 1910, at Jerry's Plains, being an accounting officer within the meaning of the Commonwealth Audit Act, 1906, he did misapply and improperly make use of the sum of £96 7s 4d, the property of his Majesty, other than as provided by the said Act, and did fraudulently convert the said money. Accused pleaded guilty. It was shown that the accused was postmaster at Jerry's Plains at a salary of £136 a year, out of which £26 was deducted for house rent. He had dependent on him a wife and six children. Accused was sentenced to two years, with hard labor, in Goulburn gaol, with the right to petition when he had served 12 months."

Before that prosecution could have taken place, it must have been sanctioned by Labor-member Thomas, who paid a man, with a wife and six children to keep, 7s a day, and each day of from 10 to 15 hours—a man through whose hands hundreds of pounds passed every week. Imagine, after subjecting a man to such conditions, sending him to jail for two years' hard labor, and remember that the amount of his shortage if added on to his salary for one year would hardly then have given him a living remuneration! Two years' hard labor from a Labor Government!

Why I am a Socialist.

Some Sentimental Reasons.

BY E. J. BRADY.

To come back to the matter of Socialism and personal sympathy. As a journalist it has been my function at times to form some acquaintance with what is loftily called "the lower life." I have some knowledge of the conditions under which modern industrialism is carried on. I have gone into the question of child-and-woman labor, and the housing of the poor. The domestic economy of a working-man's household is not unfamiliar to me. I have taken out scales of wages and contrasted them with scales of prices. I know the purchasing powers of money and the requirements of decent life. I have studied the Drink problem, the Unemployed problem and the Rent and Usury problems at first hand. I have also been sweated and exploited. The best product of my brain has been sold for a song. I have experienced the weakness of Thrift, the uncertainty of employment, the lack of necessities, the heartlessness of competition, the soul-destroying, nerve-killing effort to keep one's end up in times of sickness and adversity. I have seen young genius existing in a state of semi-starvation in a land of plenty, and intellectual old age rendered hopeless by a blind, heartless method of wealth-production, in which the many slaved ceaselessly with brain and hand for the betterment of the few.

I, too, my friends, have been spattered by the mud of their carriage wheels and splashed with the lees of their wine. I have had more than a nodding acquaintance with that gray lady, Poverty, and I have witnessed the mute suffering of her guests.

Where, then, should my sympathies go other than towards the camp of that resolute little army who are marching behind the red flag? With whom shall I lift my glass to drink to the future? With those who are working, often at the risk of their own health, wealth, and even their own liberty—for that better future, wherein the wrongs and injustices of our insane social system shall have no place.

When my soul revolts against the vanities and inanities of the rich, when the pathetic lives of the poor are brought daily before my eyes, when I behold the waste of production for profits, uselessness created and use neglected, art bowdlerised, intellect starved; when I see callousness, greed, vice, crime, ugliness, filth, all around me, where should my sympathies lie? With class ownership that causes all these infamies, or with Socialism that offers me a cure? What have I or you to dread from Socialism that we should hesitate to accept it and, if we have an atom of altruism in us, to boldly and fearlessly proclaim our faith, fight for it, suffer for it—die for it, if need be?

Are the lives we are living in this Inferno of Competition so bright, so hopeful, so beautiful that we need fear a doctrine which proclaims our emancipation and points the way?

Is it that we have become so used to Darkness that we dread the Light? Is it that the door of the Prison-house has been so long closed that we are afraid to try the locks with a Key? Is it, through habit, we dread that Socialism is going to rob us of something—our liberty of action, our incentive to effort, our domestic goods and chattels, our wives, our children?

Oh ye of little faith! Can you believe that the best minds on earth would have subscribed to this doctrine of Socialism if it were other than a teaching of the highest morality and worth?

Would such intellects have freely accepted it as the one and only way out of our social darkness if it were not sound and true? Come then! let us have done with doubt and dread, let us cultivate the larger sympathy and the wider hope. Socialism is more than a dream; it is a reality. By faith and good works therefore let us aid its coming, in that we are no longer soulless brutes but men and women holding in our lamps of clay each and every one of us some quality of the Divine.

I am a Socialist for many reasons. Sympathy with my fellow sufferers in this pit of universal wage slavery is one of them.

Take an early train in Sydney or Melbourne (Melbourne particularly), and note the occupants of your crowded car! See the children who ought to be still at school going cityward to the factories! Observe the young girls, just approaching puberty, on their way to the workroom. Is it a good and wise civilisation that puts out the Molch arm of manufacture to seize its tender victims like this? Examine carefully the dress, appearance, and carriage of these youngsters. Note how ugly and shoddy their clothes are by comparison with the children of the Rich.

Listen to their conversation and learn in what narrow grooves their thoughts are compressed. Find out what inadequate food they get, what mean and insanitary houses they are compelled to inhabit, how they suffer from lack of healthy amusements, how environment moulds and distorts their young lives.

Go further and discover what miserable

pitances are their weekly wages—handed over in the large majority of cases to swell the inadequate earnings of a family to "keep up a home."

You, who are somewhat better off but not yet independent, how would you like to think that your youngsters might have to go out like this to share these associations and live this stunted life! Any day, by a thousand conceivable accidents, it may be so.

We Socialists offer you a somewhat brighter outlook for your loved ones than this. In the social system we project, there will be no necessity for child labor, and the woman, if she must labor, will be paid as the man.

Take the whole complex machinery of modern industrialism and examine it in detail. What will you find? Long hours of unhealthy occupation, low wages, unemployment, oppression, and continuous uncertainty. In every branch of production stand on one side the slaves of the machines, and on the other side the Masters of the Bread.

By what conceivable reasoning can you justify such a state of affairs?

Its only justification is ignorance. It can only continue to exist as long as the producers remain in ignorance of economic facts. Once let them know that this earth holds something infinitely brighter, happier, for them, and which can be gained by solidarity and organisation, and wage-slavery will have to go. Socialism will come. The masses will become the masters of the machines, the product of the machines will be entirely theirs. The great Bread Question will be settled for all time. "Man does not live by bread alone." Socialism will insure him also the healthy, artistic, intellectual food that is necessary to him. And for the exercise of those wider sympathies which embrace hospitality, fellowship, friendship, love, and all the gentle requirements of peaceful, useful human-living there will be an endless field. Yes, I am a Socialist by sympathy as much as anything else, sympathy for my fellow-victims.

When I was a wage-earning lad I kept company with a young girl who earned five shillings a week as a seamstress. There were no Early Closing Acts in those days, and she "worked back" sometimes four or five nights a week. She stitched the best hours of her young life away in a crowded workroom with girls, circumstanced like herself—stitched on the fine costumes of other young women whose parents were better off than hers. She contracted consumption, the great White Plague that ravages the ranks of labor, and in the end she died. That helped to put hate in my heart, a just hatred for the system that holds the life of womanhood as cheap as the dirt in its insanitary work dens.

When I was a growing boy I worked twelve and fourteen hours a day as a time-keeper on the wharves. I stood by the foreman of the hatch while he picked out, from the eager surging crowd of men below, those whom he selected to serve as stevedores in all the grime and sweat of the ship's holds. I saw disappointment written on the rejected and exaltation on the faces of them who had been luckily pleased with a temporary job. The comparison made me sick. The stories I heard of domestic privation and uncertainty made me sad. I was learning the lesson that Capitalism had to teach me. God grant that I may have profited by the lesson? It has been a grim tuition.

As I grew to manhood I was commercially associated with other young men who earned a meagre weekly wage as clerks, bookkeepers, or salesmen. I labored in an atmosphere of petty tyranny and cowardly insult. Overbearing superiority on the one hand and unmanly servility on the other. There was one overlord who put murder in my mind. Within twelve months this creature was responsible for the discharge of forty men. Some of these poor wretches had wives and children dependent upon them. In all my experience I have not met any human being who was dreading and hated by his slaves as this fellow. He demonstrated to me what wage slavery really means.

Ultimately the time arrived when I was given the choice of surrendering my conscientious opinions on industrial matters or facing the capitalistic boot. Sympathy won, Conviction won, Humanity won. I went out and tramped to the music of no-work and short-of-grub. The crime was unparalleled, the punishment merciless, but the experience proved useful—I learned to write. Later on, when times got better for me, I came in contact with the literary workers of Australia. The volume of my knowledge has been increased since I met them. I will give some leaves from this volume later on.

You never know when your master is coming along with the notice to quit. Push THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST, spread Socialism, and we'll give him the notice.

Among the articles we are reluctantly compelled to crowd out of this issue are two on the Berlin upheaval by The Slave and Dandelion respectively.

Crowded out: Trail of Blood column.

S.F.A. News & Notes.

South Australia.

BY H.S.C.

The party's propaganda work is being steadily pushed along here. We always get large and attentive audiences, and we are doing good educational work.

On Sunday night, comrade Langridge delivered an interesting address to a good audience on "The rise and fall of the Australian Labor Party."—28.9.10.

Broken Hill.

We are losing two of our best industrial fighters, Harry Gray and Jack Flynn, both of whom have done yeoman service for Socialism inside the unions. Both were recently employed at the Co-op. Bakery, but owing to the contemptible methods employed to bring about the resignation of Harry Gray, Flynn and the rest of the employees decided to tender their resignations. Being out of work, and being blacklisted along the line of lode, Flynn decided with Gray to sell out and within a fortnight's time to leave for Westralia and settle down to a life of farming. Gray intends to call his new place in the West the Red Flag Farm.

At a recent A.M.A. meeting, the secretary was instructed to wire to Josiah Thomas, protesting against the present immigration system of bringing people out here under false pretences, when no land is available for them to make a living on.

The unionists here are very indignant with Sydney Eight-hours Committee for its invitation to leg-irons Wade to be present at the annual Eight-hours Dinner.

On Tuesday evening, Sep. 27, the Town Hall was packed to hear H. E. Kelly, the leg-irons candidate for Sturt. The "Reds," wearing red ribbons, took front seats, and delivered the goods. When Kelly spoke of his membership of the Amalgamated Railway and Tramway Union there was an uproar, and when he promised a water supply on his own he was told to get out to Wade's Dog Act, and get work (a cruel suggestion!) or leg-irons-or-something. A well-known P.L.L.-er, in a state of profound sobriety, mounted the platform, sat beside the chairman, and in due time started to get away with chairman Sweetapple's hat. Which was very wrong thing for an undertaker to do.

"How about the Coercion Act? Who killed Bowling?" shrieked Kelly. "Why, Wade, with the aid of the Labor Party!" shouted the Reds. Later on the Revolutionaries stood up and called for cheers for Peter Bowling, which were lustily given; then cheers for Stokes. Kelly proceeded to talk Arbitration; and the Reds sang "The Loner Down Below," followed by the "Red Flag," with more cheers for Peter Bowling. Kelly sat down.

Question time came. Asked if he approved of Wade's criminal conduct in sending police to Broken Hill to bludgeon the workers into submission to the capitalists, he replied, "If I'd been premier at the time, and thought there was a danger of men breaking the laws of the country, I'd have sent the police to Broken Hill, too." Hoots, pandemonium, and the ending of the meeting in disorder.—29.9.10.

Sydney Jottings.

The fortnightly meeting will be held on Tuesday evening next, Oct. 11. Members are urged to note date, and put in an appearance, to prevent meetings lapsing for want of a quorum.

The Fair Committee has arranged a euchre tournament for Saturday evening next.

Members are reminded that nominations close for billiard tourney on Saturday next. Slade was chairman at Sunday's Domain meeting, at which there was a large audience. Walsh, Mrs. Harris, and Wilson were the speakers.

On Sunday night Slade and Wilson spoke at Martin Place, while Harris, Hocking, Hirst, and Feldhusen spoke to a fine crowd in Goulburn-street.

A number of visitors have reached Sydney within the last week or so, among them being R. Lovin from Melbourne, McKenzie from Adelaide, and several comrades from Maoriland.

At the Sydney Police Court, on Thursday of last week, H. Dierks was charged with selling four glasses of lager, and was fined £30. The case arose out of the Fair. The committee had decided that lager should be included in the list of refreshments. Refreshments were only supplied to members on the presentation of tickets. Two police officers in plain clothes, with red ribbon in their button-holes, succeeded in procuring these members' tickets, being mistaken for members by the comrade in charge of the tickets. The magistrate recognised that the whole thing was purely a misapprehension, but £30 was the lowest fine he had power to inflict. Mr. Carter Smith ably handled the case for the defence.

Club Members are reminded that next general meeting will be held on Oct. 13, and will be a continuance of a special meeting called to consider the rules. All are requested to attend.

An Adelaide Sweating Hell.

BY H.S.C.

For some weeks past the employees at McEwin's jam factory have been dissatisfied with their wages and conditions. The members of the U.L.U. working there brought their grievances before their union, and the executive was instructed to interview the manager and make a request for a reduction of hours and an increase in wages. This instruction was carried into effect, and the manager replied that he could do nothing as he was applying for a wages board. But the employees would not entertain the idea of wages boards. They consider that method of bettering their conditions to be obsolete and proved useless by previous experience. The matter was further considered at the last meeting of the U.L.U., and it was decided to give the manager an opportunity, on Saturday last, of acceding to the demands of the workers, otherwise the men would refuse to start work. The girls employed at the factory stated that they were willing to cease work in sympathy with the men, and a meeting of the whole of the employees was held in the U.L.U. rooms on Friday night, when the fact was disclosed that the women were working under disgraceful conditions for small wages. The result was that a log of wages for the girls was drawn up, and it was decided to place them before the manager with the men's claim on the following morning, and if the demands were not acceded to all work in the factory was to cease. On Saturday morning the whole of the employees waited outside the gates at 7.30, whilst two officials from the U.L.U. were endeavoring to see the manager. Shortly after 7.30 a.m. the manager appeared, but declined to interview anyone, and was jumping about the street in an excited fashion, saying that he had sent for his lawyer, and he would teach the U.L.U. a lesson.

The only effect this conduct had was to amuse the men and women waiting at the gates, and many of the residents who were attracted by his antics.

Later on his lawyer appeared, and after interviewing him, the manager's temperature dropped below zero, and he immediately interviewed the U.L.U. officials, and offered to concede all the demands of the men if they would return to work; but the demands of the girls he described as being "preposterously extortionate."

The wages asked for on behalf of the girls was from 16s to 23s per week. The manager (who is a typical representative of Fat) stated that the factory would close down for a month and other dire effects would result if the employees did not return to work. But this had no effect on the employees.

When the employees pulled out on the Saturday, it was discovered that there were 12 men and boys working there who were members of the Agricultural Implement Makers' Union. These men were not satisfied with the assurance of the U.L.U. officials, and endeavored to find their secretary, but were unsuccessful until the afternoon. Their secretary instructed them to return to work (it is stated, on the advice of an official of the T. and L. Council), but the U.L.U. had decided that neither individual nor organised scabbery should take place at McEwin's, and when this was conveyed to the secretary of the Implement Makers' in no unmistakable manner, he decided that the members of his union should stay out, and an increase on their low wages be demanded.

On the Monday morning Mr. Doman, McEwin's manager, received another disappointment, as he had been informed that the tinsmiths would return to work, but to his dismay he found that all the hands he could prevail upon to enter the factory were a forewoman and a foreman. He agreed to give a satisfactory increase to the implement makers, and endeavored to get them to start work, but without success. Later on he offered the girls another slight increase, but the offer was declined. On Tuesday he again displayed his anxiety to close the factory by offering the girls another slight increase, but it met the same fate as the previous offer. The strike is still on, and the men and women are showing splendid solidarity. The action taken by McEwin's employees has been a splendid lesson to the workers and they will in all probability have won and be back to work ere this appears in print.

It will be interesting to observe the attitude that the Union Mortuary (the Trades and Labor Council) will take up, as the matter was brought under the notice of their executive previous to the strike, and they were asked to give it their endorsement, but they did not even meet to consider the matter.

Their action in this trouble shows that no reliance can be placed on the statements made by their officials in the Thompson case.

During discussions with the manager of McEwin's the following facts were disclosed: When firms buy sugar for consumption only, they are not allowed by the Colonial Sugar Refinery Company to stock more than 8 tons at any one time; in the event of a greater quantity being stocked, the Company has the right to increase the price

on the surplus up to the same price as that which may be on order in the event of the price of sugar being raised. This was actually done in the case of McEwin's, who recently had to pay extra for a few tons of sugar that they had bought and paid for previous to the rise in the price of sugar.

The conditions under which the girls were working at McEwin's factory is a first-class testimonial as to the uselessness of the Trades and Labor Council and the craft unionism it stands for. Although a Women's Union has existed for many years, there are only between 300 and 400 women who are members of it out of the many thousands who are working in the city and suburbs. Many of the women do not know that such an organisation exists, all of which shows how strenuously the T. and L. C. does not organise the workers. In McEwin's factory girls were working all day with wet feet in a "pickling" room. Some of the officials of the U.L.U. visited this "pickling" room on Saturday morning and although a couple of individuals were hurriedly clearing it up, it had the effect of making the officials swear off pickles for the rest of their life. I believe that the U.L.U. intends to assist the Women's Mutual Association to organise on the same militant lines as the U.L.U. and endeavor to assist our sisters who are working in the Holy City under such disgraceful conditions.

They call this place the city of the churches, but judging by the hellish conditions that are daily being disclosed I should call it "The City of Curses."

We have a "labor" government here and likewise an inspector of factories besides hosts of health officers and sanitary inspectors, but what purpose any of them serve it is hard to discover.—28.9.10.

The Press Fund.

	£	s	d
Already acknowledged	45	17	5
Per O. Jorgensen (Book 37)—			
H.M. 2s, H.D. 1s, Germi 1s,			
J. Petersen 2s, Sheed 1s, Jos.			
Friederichs 2s	0	9	0
Per H. E. Holland (Book No. 20)—			
M. Foell	0	2	0
D. Sievert, Broadmeadow	0	2	0
	£46	10	5
Advanced as Loans.			
Already acknowledged	6	0	0
Total	52	10	5

All communications to be addressed to O. W. Jorgensen, secretary, Press Fund Committee, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

The organisation of the workers on the political field is a necessary adjunct to their organisation on the industrial field.

While capitalist class rule exists, "the right of self-government" remains an empty phrase.

Educated I may be, but I'm damned if I have ever been a gentleman. Wot's a gentleman? A man whose grandfather was a mean enough thief to rob the poorest in the land. And wot's a lady? A woman whose father was able to bring her up innocent by driving the daughters of the poor on to the streets to keep her—that's what it comes to.—"Gentleman of the Road."

A Congress has been sitting in London about the printing of "noxious" books, and Mr. John Murray, the well-known publisher, gave it as his opinion that the works of Henry George, Karl Marx, and Nietzsche were "noxious" books.

That working man in blue clothes and brass buttons has class interests the same as yours. Give policemen copies of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

Economic justice is the only basis upon which any code of morals becomes practical and perpetual. It is the only true starting point of all real morals.

Cables of the past week bring startling news from Germany. As a result of the Government's efforts at strike-breaking, the police who are protecting blacklegs at the engineering works in Berlin came into serious collision with the people. The police used sabers and revolvers, while the strikers replied with revolvers, cobblestones, and bricks. A series of conflicts have taken place. A number of people have been killed, and hundreds wounded. An attack was made on some pressmen during the early stages of the conflict, and since then all press news seems to have been suppressed.

Who will do the dirty work under Socialism? Why, the Socialists, of course, and the first and dirtiest job they will tackle will be the cleaning out of the old party politicians.—*Wiltshire's*.

Man—an animal that spits on the foot-paths, and boasts of being made in the image of God.—*McGinnis*, in *Q. Worker*.

Capitalism is the only pessimist in the country. It says that the majority must always toil without hope, always submit to robbery, always be abject and poor. Socialists are the greatest believers and truest optimists in the world. They believe that when robbery is stopped poverty and grinding toil will disappear.

Answers to Correspondents.

THE SLAVE; DANDELION.—Next week.

W.G., Carlton, Vic.—Received too late for this issue. Will print next week.

J.W.D., Adelaide.—Subs. received. Splendid work. Supplies increased. Many thanks.

W.E.S., Boggabri.—Will answer in next issue.

H.S.C., Adelaide.—Writing.

A.L.R., Cape Hawke.—Received; writing.

E.A.D., Montpelier, Ind., U.S.A.—Paper forwarded. Information by letter.

J.F., Boggabri.—Received. Thanks.

H.S.O., Sydney; T.R., Kurri.—Decided best not to print. Reasons similar to those given in reply to "S.L.P. Member." Kindly sentiments appreciated.

E.A.G., Tanunda, S.A.—Papers forwarded. Writing. Good luck.

S.L.P. MEMBER, Sydney.—We have decided not to print. We appreciate your remarks concerning the Internationals and the S.F.A., and do not at all object to your strictures; but most of your letter reflects on and preaches to your own party, and should find publication in the columns of your party organ if anywhere. As to the two questions with which your letter concludes, we answer: 1. We are in dead earnest about making Socialist propaganda; and if we fell into the same bog as your party, and used this paper to vilify and slander other Socialists, we should destroy our own chance of usefulness, and the circulation of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST would also dwindle away, instead of maintaining its present rapid rate of increase. 2. Even if things are as you say, that fact does not relieve your party membership of responsibility for the regrettable things done in the party's name.

Sydney *People*, which becomes more and more hopelessly "pure-and-simple," is making strenuous efforts to create dissension in the ranks of the Revolutionary Socialists, apparently with a view of striking a blow at THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST, the magnificent growth of which seems to be a source of worry. A real Socialist paper, even if it were not succeeding itself—and if the *People* is losing ground the fact is due to the attitude of its promoters, and not because there isn't a wide enough field for more than one Socialist paper in N.S.W.—ought to be pleased to see a Socialist organ succeeding. But the *People's* silly little campaign of slander and misrepresentation won't cut any ice with the Revolutionaries.

Crowded out of this issue: Final list of donations for Fair; letter from W. Greenlee, Vic.; letter from E. A. Giffney, S.A.; and special articles by the editor, "The Slave," "Dandelion," and others. We also have articles by "Ajax," J. R. Wilson, Sydney Bootmaker, and a number of other writers, awaiting publication. Our writers suffer, along with our readers, because of our lack of space.

Why should one set of men do the work and another set of men do nothing and yet draw the greater part of the revenues for the work done? The capitalist draws the revenues without work. Socialism will prevent the capitalist getting his unearned income.

"The Slave" challenges a parson: Supplementary to a recent article of mine, "The economics of the modern church," I should like to challenge that eminent bulwark of the non-conformist conscience, Rev. John Ferguson, to deliver a sermon on the following (Isaiah lxx., 21-22): "And they shall build houses and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build and another inhabit; they shall not plant and another eat." And lest the worthy divine balk the issue, I would remind him that Labor produces all wealth, and that though the bourgeoisie who rent the pews of St. Stephen's "work," their toil consists of fleecing the real workers of surplus value or transferring the shekels from a brother capitalist's pockets to their own; in short, that they produce nothing and do no useful labor.

Agent—I'm sorry, sir, but I must have a married man to fill this position of janitor. Applicant—Well, hold the job open for a couple of hours. It's easier to get married than to get a job nowadays.

The noon-hour passes quickly. Make it count for the revolution by talking Socialism to your fellow workers.

SONG OF THE SWORD.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The sword sang
With a doleful note;
Its metallic twang
Stirred the puls of the Wielder—
Glory beckoned afar!

Sang the sword
Of red blood
Oozing from wounds,
Of cloven skulls
And protrusion of brains,
Of severed limbs,
Of entrails and disembowellings.

The sword sang—
The orphan covered in the cave,
The widow's heart was chilled,
The babe clung to the dead breast.

Sang the sword
In the hand of the Wielder—
Onward it pointed;
Followed the brand
Lighting the sky,
Flaring the homestead—
Charred on the morrow the ruins—
Death in its wake;
Yet glory beckoned afar!

The sword sang
With sonorous twang—
Replied the culture
Gorged with much feasting;
Echoed the weeping
Of women and children;
Rose up the pestilence,
Gaped wide the trenches,
Groaned the dismembered,
Cursed the despairing—
And glory beckoned afar!

Ceased the sword's song—
On the hands of the Wielder
Dried the dark blood clots;
Stilled is the tumult,
Vanished is glory:
Victor and victim
Lie silent in death.

International Notes.

Germany.

MARCKWARD and Linde (Socialists) have just been condemned by the court at Königsberg to 5½ months' imprisonment each for an article containing some quite harmless—one might almost say good-natured—humorous remarks about the Hohenzollern princes. "The pride and joy of the German people," to scorn and derision. The article in question simply expressed surprise that the Kaiser should still have to provide for the married princes, and pointed out the many callings available by which they might earn their own living. "For instance, the papers often state that all the Hohenzollern princes learn a handicraft; they ought therefore to be a position to earn an honest living. They ought also to be contented with the wages of a simple artisan—for did not the Kaiser say: 'For the workman the computed-dish is now full.' Under these circumstances the princes will surely remember the beautiful words: 'Work ennobles,' and not agree to the Minister's using their private interests as a basis for the demands of the Government." And for these words—5½ months' imprisonment!

United States.

Capitalist judges of Massachusetts will be appealed to in a few months to declare unconstitutional the law recently passed in this state compelling employers, when advertising for workmen, to state whether or not there is a strike on at their works. This law was passed on the initiative of Morrill, the Socialist representative.

The *Appeal to Reason* prints further articles by John Kenneth Turner on the crimes, tyrannies, and brutalities of Diaz of Mexico.

Eugene Debs prints an open letter in the *Appeal to Reason* attacking Phillips, accusing him of being the most shameless perverter of the law and the most brazen corporation hireling that ever disgraced the federal bench of the United States. Debs challenges Phillips to meet him in the open, when he will repeat his charges, and he dares Phillips to cite him in his own court.

Eugene Debs, in a speech urging the workers to get together before the coming elections, flayed Roosevelt, whom he designated as the arch enemy of the working class, an arch hypocrite, a colossal egotist, and the man who assassinated liberty at the request of the British aristocracy. Debs described the constitution of the United States as a class document. He urged the women to act as recruiting officers in enlisting men to aid in the work of advancing the Socialist propaganda.

Greece.

The *Rheinische Zeitung* reports that a Greek Social-Democratic Party has been formed.

Finland.

Two manifestoes of the Czar have recently been published ordering that the Finnish Landtag should be called for a special session of two months in order to consider: (1) The mode of election of Finnish delegates to the Reichsrat and Duma, in accordance with the Finland Bill, June 17 and 20, by the Reichsrat and Duma; and (2) to give its opinion upon the Bills concerning the legal equality of Russian with Finnish citizens, and the regulation of the military

question. The Finnish deputies, says *Vorwärts*, are thus placed before the alternative of decidedly refusing to consent to these illegal Bills, which menace the existence of the nation, or of betraying the interests of the Finnish people and helping with their own hands to kill that people's liberty. As about half of the Landtag is composed of Social-Democrats, there is no doubt what its answer will be.

Socialist Fables.

The Respectable Way.

Oscar upon a time there was a man who became acquainted with a poor widow. As she had three small children, it was difficult for her to go out into the world for purpose of earning a living.

So the man, whose name was John, decided to marry her. He thought that if he bought her a washing machine and some other necessary articles, and solicited laundry work from his friends she could make a good living for the family.

This went through very well until his neighbours remonstrated with him about living on his wife's labor. He coolly informed them that as he had given her work both she and they ought to be satisfied, which "riled" his neighbours, and they proceeded to treat him to a coat of tar and feathers.

After he had soaked himself for a week in his wife's wash tub, he came to the conclusion that it would have been better to hire his wife to do the work, as he could live on the profit from her work, rather than to have married her.

So he hired a girl who had no work to do and nothing to work with. This worked so well that he provided work for several poor girls and widows. He made his wife manageress of the business, which he called the "Up-To-The-Minute-Laundry."

His neighbours now take off their hats to him and have given him a high place in their church. They say he gives work to so many poor girls and widows!—*Appeal to Reason*.

I.W.W. Centre writes: "Please favor me with space to register a protest against the manner in which the I.W.W. Club was made to serve as the instrument of the recent attack in the *Daily Telegraph* on the International Socialists in general and H. E. Holland in particular. In Holland's letter there was little—if, indeed, anything—that an industrial unionist could object to; and while I do not agree always with the Internationals—I and many others recognize their splendid fighting attitude in every industrial war, and further appreciate the great work they are doing—especially in the columns of *THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST*—for industrial unionism. I regret, along with the other industrialists, the unfortunate distortion of portions of Holland's letter, and the utter pettishness and untruthfulness which characterized the tone of that published in the name of the Club. We all know that the sentiments credited to Holland in the I.W.W. Club's letter are not the sentiments he holds, and it is hard to imagine how such a construction could be placed on his remarks. I think it is a thousand pities that one political party should be able to use the I.W.W. Club (which is supposed to be neutral as between political parties) to attack another political party. Many of us earnestly look for the day when all this regrettable and foolish personal bickering and slandering, which does such an incalculable amount of harm to our cause, will no longer be tolerated, but when all of us will fight sensibly side by side for our great objective. Good luck to the Internationals, and all who fight for Freedom."

Sunday Times declares that the "street fighting in Berlin is a suggestion of what may happen in this city a little later on, owing to the growth of Socialism." The *St. Paul Times* evidently fears that, when the Sydney police (or soldiers) are ordered out to slash and shoot down the populace, the Socialists won't take it lying down.

So far, Sydney's pure-and-simple *People* hasn't yet printed a denunciation of the German Socialists for siding with the strikers.

It is reported that "as the result of a Home Office inquiry it has been found that flannellette was the main factor in 176 deaths in three months." The workers, who create all wealth, get so little of it back that they can't afford to buy flannellette. They are forced to wear the dangerously-inflammatory flannellette because it's cheap—and they pay for the cheapness with their own lives and the lives of their children.

Mutual life assurance companies have been exempted by the Labor Government in the matter of the payment of the Land Tax. "Only the land with respect to which they are mortgagees will be taxed." The mutual life co. is simply a combination of individuals who exploit the working class for their own benefit—and one of their methods is land speculation.

"Every one who is not a loafer is a worker."

A Column of Clippings.

Under capitalism it is cheaper to kill men than to employ safety devices. Under Socialism life would stand first, and profits would never be considered, because impossible.

"The transformation of the crowd into the people—profound task! It is to this labor that the men called Socialists have devoted themselves during the last forty years. The author of this book, however insignificant he may be, is one of the oldest in this labor. If he claims his place among these philosophers it is because it is a place of persecution."—VICTOR HUGO.

"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the cost of chains and slavery?"

"The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time."—JEFFERSON.

"The law is a sort of hocus-poens science that smiles in your face while it picks your pocket."—MACKIN.

"Experience teaches many who are very ignorant, otherwise fools would predominate forever."

"He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill."

There is an improvement in manners in America. Burglars are removing their hats in the presence of ladies sitting up in bed, and children of American parents with incomes of more than \$5,000 a year are quite polite when addressed by a stranger. —*New York Times*.

The capitalists will find that they can no more crush out the Socialist agitation in this country than the slave power crushed out the abolition movement. Every denial of free speech helps our cause. The German emperor tried repressive measures some years ago, and they worked so well for the Socialists that they were repealed. Every man in jail is worth a dozen outside, agitating.

"Conversation is listening to yourself in the presence of others."

"Life is like walking through Paradise, with peas in your shoes."—*Maxims of Mar-maduke*.

While we are wasting millions in building ironclads, mankind is steadily pushing forward the perfection of inventions which will make battleships as obsolete as bows and arrows.—*Review of Reviews*.

The wild flowers bloom in all beauty by the wayside; the rose is as fragrant if plucked by the hand of a wail of the street as it is when in the hands of a rich man's darling; the grass is as soft to the feet of a poor man as it is to those of a multi-millionaire.—*Free Press*.

The sun shines on the tramp and the millionaire with the same degree of warmth. Strip the millionaire of the trappings of wealth, and the same icy blast of winter will congeal the blood of both alike.—*Free Press*.

Get into the fight! In warfare there is a place for every soldier. That man or woman who is not a persistent agitator is not a true soldier of Socialism.

When a man feels, on his back and in his own belly, how poor he is, that man knows well that he is poor, and you can't talk it out of him, no more than you can talk beef into him.—*Dickens*.

Women in France, according to a Government report, work twelve hours a day for a ha'penny an hour. Was it for this that Frenchwomen marched on Versailles from Paris a hundred years ago, and dragged a Royal tyrant from his bed? King or President—what does it matter? Capitalism is the enemy.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency in giving no offence.—*Cicero*.

Just as a moth gnaws a garment, so doth envy consume a man.—*St. Chrysostom*.

The one thing that prevents the unleashing of the dogs of war in Europe at present is the growth of Socialism. National Capitalism, in the competition for the world's markets, would soil the people on to fight each other were it not that European Pat has his doubts as to what would follow.

Everyone who is not a loafer is a worker.

You may fool all the people some of the time, and you may fool some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time.—*ABRAHAM LINCOLN*.

The manna of liberty must be gathered each day, or it is rotten. Only by unintermitted agitation can a people be kept sufficiently awake to principle not to let liberty be smothered in material prosperity. Republics exist only on the tenure of being agitated.—*WENDELL PHILLIPS*.

A newspaper, in speaking of a deceased citizen, said: "We knew him as old Ten-percent." "The more he had the less he spent—the more he got the less he lent—let's dead—we don't know where he went—but if his soul to Heaven is sent—he'll own the harp and charge 'em rent!"

Socialism will entirely do away with child-labor.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we are, but in what direction we are moving.—*OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES*.

HOW TO GET

A Library for Nothing!

Read This!—and Get to Work!

For every TWENTY SHILLINGS in NEW Subscriptions (whether quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly) that YOU send in for *THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST*, the Executive will give you

Five Shillings' Worth of Books

to be selected from the following, and also from the Socialist Literature list of the International Socialist Literature Department, published in this issue.

This offer will apply as from August 1. It is not made with reference to renewed subscriptions.

Books containing 20 receipt forms will be issued to members and other approved canvassers on application.

Names of new subscribers, together with amounts collected, must be handed in weekly while receipt books must be returned at the end of each quarter for audit purposes.

Write at once for a Receipt Book. The best way to do Socialist propaganda is to get subscribers for *THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST*, the uncompromising, fighting organ of Revolutionary Socialism; and, while doing this, you are presented with an opportunity to secure a collection of well-bound books FOR NOTHING.

List of Books to be Selected From.

CLOTHBOUND.	GILT EDGES.
Books at 1s each.	
Dickens	The Poets.
A Tale of Two Cities	Goldsmith
The Christmas Books	Amer. humorous Verse
The Old Curiosity Shop	Beranger's Songs
Barnaby Rudge	Browning
Oliver Twist	Burns
Kingsley	Byron
Westward Ho!	Chaucer
Hypatia	Emerson
Ravenshoe	Horne
Two Years Ago	Horace
Scott.	Victor Hugo
Ivanhoe	Humorous Poems
Kenilworth	Kent
Waverley	Lon. fellow
The Talsman	Love Lyrics
Guy Mannering	Charles Mackay
The Heart of Midlothian	Milton's Paradise Lost
Ruskin.	Edgar Allan Poe
Sesame and Lilies; Unto this Last, and the Political Economy of Art	Shakespeare (complete in 4 vols.)
The Two Paths, and Other Essays	Shelley
The Crown of Wild Olives; The Ethics of the Dust	Songs of Freedom
Reade.	Southern
Cloister and the Hearth	Tennyson
Never too late to mend	Marryat.
Hard Cash	Peter Simple
Hawthorne.	Darwin.
The Scarlet Letter	Origin of Species
Wonderbook and Tanglewood Tales	Bret Harte.
The House of the Seven Gables	Tales, poems, & sketches
Haggard.	Carlyle.
King Solomon's Mines	Sartor Resartus, and Essays on Burns & Scott
Eliot.	Heroes and Hero Worship, and Essays on Goethe
The mill on the Floss	Stowe.
Silas Marner	Uncle Tom's Cabin
Scenes from Clerical Life	Poe.
Adam Bede	Tales of mystery and Imagination
Holmes.	Alex. Pope.
Professor at the Breakfast Table	Homer's Iliad
Autocrat of the Breakfast Table	Dumas.
Goethe.	Three musketeers
Faust	Black Tulip
Macaulay.	Emerson.
History, Essays, and Lays of Ancient Rome	Essays and other writing
Thackeray.	Lytton.
Esmond	Last Days of Pompeii
Vanity Fair	Last of the Barons
English humorists of the 18th Century, and the Four Georges	Rienzi
Books at 1s 3d each.	Harold
Hood's Poems	Miscellaneous.
Pickwick Papers	Huxley's Essays
Books at 1s 6d each.	Andersen's Fairy Tales
Darwin's Coral Reefs	Grin's Fairy Tales
Lowell's Biglow Papers	Esop's Fables
More's Utopia	Swi't's Gulliver's Travels
Plato's Republic	Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Greeks
Selections from Plato	Tolstoy's What is Art?

Also see Socialist Literature List.

S.F.A. Library, No. 1.

The Materialist Conception of History

By "Dogmatist."

The Finest Australian Socialist Publication.

PRICE, 3d. Posted, 4d.

Retail in Sydney from the I.S. Group and at all Socialist meetings.

Also from the Vic. Socialist Party; Socialist Party of South Australia; Barrier Socialist Group, Etc.

Wholesale from

The Socialist Federation of Australia, 274 Pitt Street, Sydney.

H. E. HOLLAND, Gen. Sec.

AUG. BORAX, Gen. Treas.

GLASS WINDOWS.

BRITAIN will contribute four stained-glass windows to the Palace of Peace at the Hague.—*Daily Paper.*

With thunder-stroke and rending rattle,
And bar and plate of furnace steel,
Bull girds him ready for the battle
With twelve-inch gun and Dreadnought keel.

By giant forges redly leaping
The hammers on his harness play,
And happy England, wake or sleeping,
Is wrapt in cordite night and day.

About his outer paddock fences
A line of corpses may be found,
Dead niggers who, on false pretences,
Would trespass on Bull's private ground.

If niggers will not quit their capers,
The frontier graveyard still is near,
And wars that don't get in the papers
Sprinkle with blood the changing year.

Small Indian matters, mostly tribal,
Some Pathan rising "firmly met,"
Bull hands his savage foe a Bible,
And backs it with a bayonet.

Now universal love is mooted,
And warfare is a thing accursed;
But, though his faith is firmly rooted
In peace, he'll see the rest go first.

Still, just to show his good intention,
Four large windows will he stain
With emblematic signs that mention
How war and bloodshed give him pain.

MARY McCOMMONWEALTH, in the *Bulletin*.

Evolution of the Class Struggle

BY WILLIAM H. NOYES.

SOCIALISM can no longer be regarded as a scheme for re-organising society—as a Utopia, a fancy, a dream of some doctrinaire philosopher. It is a theory of social evolution; it is a statement of the historical process that is actually taking place before our eyes.

Men are beginning to study Socialism rather than the speculations of Socialists. To present an original Socialism would be like presenting original history or an original theory of gravitation, because Socialism is not a dream or a scheme, but a theory based on actual facts.

As long as Socialism was conceived as the scheme of a visionary, there were as many forms of Socialism as there were visions; but when Socialism is regarded as a theory of a developing historical process, an acquaintance with the facts leads more and more to unanimity in theory.

Just as once there was one literature of one country and one of another, one science here and another science there, Italian art and Dutch art, Greek philosophy and Hindoo philosophy, but now slowly and surely there is coming to be but one art and one science and one literature and one philosophy all based on the theory of evolution and all human in their scope and in their expression, so instead of a different kind of Socialism for every country and every agitator, there is coming to be but one Socialism based on the recognition of a common economic process.

Socialism, in a word, is the result of the application of the theory of evolution to human affairs, and its value consists in the fact that, since, as Comte said, "to see is to foresee," it is able to point out what will be the next stage in the development of the production and distribution of wealth. It is at this point, and this point only, that it touches the older Utopian Socialism. Utopian Socialism and International Socialism both point to the goal of COMMON OWNERSHIP OF THE MEANS OF PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION. They differ chiefly in the means proposed for the accomplishment of this end. International Socialism relies upon those forces and processes that are actually operative now, and moreover have been operative ever since living beings began to get and to beget.

There has always been a "struggle for existence," firstly, between individuals of the same species; secondly, between different species. This struggle is still going on. Men struggled individually until a wider common interest required and gave rise to groups which have gradually diminished in number as common interests increased, but at the same time have become more sharply distinguished in character, so that the struggle has gone on with ever-increasing intensity. While the result of the biologic struggles has been the extermination of the conquered, human struggles have resulted more and more in their absorption—"benevolent assimilation," if you please—by the conquerors. This struggle has gone on with increasing definiteness until to-day the

civilised world is almost completely divided into two hostile camps.

We may call these camps by different names, such as "exploiters" and "exploited," pecuniary and industrial classes, producers and acquirers, capitalists and laborers, idlers and workers, but for definiteness and intelligibility there are none to surpass the classic, if hackneyed, terms, the bourgeoisie and the proletariat.

The bourgeoisie is the product of a long course of development. It is the class which has built itself up on the growth of modern industry by gradually gaining possession of the means of production, distribution and exchange, pushing into the background every class handed down from the middle ages. The bourgeois are, in a word, the legal owners of the stupendous sources of the wealth of modern society. It is not their wealth that makes them a class; it is their private ownership of that part of wealth which is used to produce more wealth. They are the economic masters of modern society.

The proletariat, on the other hand, is that class which has been gradually dispossessed of the means of production, until their labor power, of brain and hand, is all that they have left. This they must sell for wages to the owners of capital in order to produce wealth for both themselves and the owners. The fact that there is still a large class, especially in America, who are both owners and users of capital, does not destroy this distinction of modern society into two classes, for these small producers, traders and farmers, are actually economically dependent on the large ones, and, moreover, are rapidly sinking into the class of actual wage or salary workers.

So we see that present events constitute no exception to Karl Marx's famous saying: "The history of all society thus far is the history of class strife."

Instead of it being necessary to "change human nature before we can have Socialism," as its critics glibly say, Socialism is coming because human nature is what it is. The Socialist does not pretend that his world is bathed in an atmosphere of universal brotherly love. He looks for universal brotherly love only when the interests of all men are, and are seen to be, common. At present he recognises that his interests are not the interests of his exploiters, and until the whole world becomes proletarian, and until government, political and economic, becomes common management of common interests for the common good, he will not cry, "Peace! Peace!" when there is no peace.

"The history of all society thus far is the history of class strife."

Many attempts have been made to break the force of this saying, just as the attempt has been made to minimize the fury of the struggle for existence in the sub-human world. Just as we hear that, alongside of the struggle for existence, there has been going on a "struggle for others," so we hear that class strife is giving place to universal brotherhood. What is the fact? Simply this, that just in proportion as the advantage of each is involved in the advantage of others, just in that proportion egoism gives place to altruism. Just in proportion as the common interests of contending classes become greater than their opposing interests, brotherhood takes the place of hostility. But, until these interests do become common, it is useless to try to unite the opposing classes, to avoid the class struggle. Just as the abolition of slavery really tended to promote the higher interests of the slave-holder as well as of the slave (and yet the slave-holder had to be compelled to give up his slaves), so to-day, although private capitalism is wearing out and rotting out the owners of capital, they cannot be persuaded to give up their present place of power and distinction. They must be compelled to do so. This is the class struggle. Socialists did not create it; capitalists did not produce it; it is the fault of no man; it is inherent in the evolutionary process. It has characterised every historic period, and underlies every social movement.

To be continued.

The Perth tramway employees, whose recent strike ended disastrously, are now being worked in some cases over 10 hours a day without overtime. The only remedy craft unionism can suggest is to prosecute the Tram Co. And when the case goes into court the Co. will win. It always does.

Watch out for that Red Mark.

The whip with which the chattel slave was scourged was exchanged for the whip of want and hunger, which, wielded by the hand of the capitalist, drives the workers in flocks to the doors of the mills and factories.

Open Column.

The Vista of Ages

And the Voice of Love.

BY A. H. BERRY.

EVOLUTION is the key to the enigma of the Universe.

The doctrine is a fundamental conception of all science—mental, moral, and physical. Looking backward, it enables us to understand the unsatisfactory conditions of present-day life and of the past. Looking forward, it enables us to look with confidence to a time in the near future when all mankind shall have an opportunity of embracing fullness of life.

Thomas Carlyle on this point said: "We shall pass from class paternalism, originally derived from fetish fiction in times of universal ignorance, to human brotherhood in accordance with the nature of things and our growing knowledge of it; from political government to industrial administration; from competition in individualism to individuality in co-operation; from war and despotism in any form to peace and liberty."

Despite the stunted physical, mental, and spiritual growth which predominates in the present day as the outcome of bad economic conditions, the nations and so-called civilization of the Christian era are, generally speaking, far in advance of all previous nations and civilizations, the ruins of which are strewn over the continents of the world. What guarantee have we, then, that our modern civilisation will not meet the same fate as all its predecessors? The scattered relics and fragmentary information relating to these dead civilisations only enable us to guess at their fate and the causes of their downfall. But of the rise and fall of one—the Graeco-Roman period—we have historical material enough to watch every step of the process. Its golden age had a striking resemblance to our own times, but the stunted physical, mental, and spiritual development of the people caused the empire's strength to decay—hence its fall.

The lesson taught by the rise and fall of nations is that they don't perish by wealth, but by injustice; therefore, if a civilisation is to stand, it must be through justice or the proper distribution of wealth. The old Roman lawyer, Justinian, stated that the three bases of law ought to be:—1. To live respectably. 2. To hurt nobody. 3. To render to everyone his due.

Unfortunately for us the base of law is injustice, which fact Blackstone recognised in his "Commentaries on English Law," Book 2, chapter 1, section 2, which reads: "It is well if the mass of mankind will obey the laws when made, without scrutinising too nicely into the reasons for making them."

All that is glorious in life has its material foundation in the enjoyment of wealth. The physical health and strength of the body is conducive to mental and spiritual health and vigor. For instance, the blood is the life of the individual. If from any cause the tissues of the individual in infancy are deprived of an adequate supply of blood, mal-development results. Likewise, the wealth produced by labor is the blood or life of the human race. If it is impeded in its circulation it means stunted development of the physical, mental, and spiritual life of mankind.

To-day the wealth produced by labor is partially impeded in its circulation because the purchasing power of the people to consume is limited to the ratio of wages paid, leaving the major portion of same out of circulation. This sluggish wealth lies in the millions of storehouses, factories, warehouses, and on the shelves of retail shops throughout the entire world. It has been accumulated under the heading of Profits; therefore, we are justified in looking for stunted physical, mental, and spiritual growth, and other social evils. Robert Browning had this in view when in "Paracelsus" he wrote:

And this to fill us with regard for Man,
With apprehension of his passing worth,
Desire to work his proper nature out,
And ascertain his rank and final place,
For these things tend still upward; Progress is
The law of life, man's self is not yet Man!
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness, here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows: When the host
Is out at once to the despair of night,
When all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till then,
I say, begins man's general infancy!

Let us review mankind at the present day for evidences of this. What do we find? About 95 per cent. of the race is not educated in the true sense of the word, and on every hand we see orphans, widows, diseased, sick, crippled, and old people suffering in poverty and neglect. We also see that millions of criminals and prostitutes are made by the bad existing industrial conditions. Even many of the workers who are in regular employment live on the verge of starvation, liable any moment to the evils of unemployment through fluctuations of trade, accidents, or sickness, and with little better prospects in old age than their seniors of to-day.

Socialist Literature.

Economic Argument for Industrial Unionism (Vine, St. John).	Per doz, 3d	1d
What Life Means To Me (Jack London)		1d
What is a Seal? (A. M. Simons)		1d
Labor Movement in Russia (Svidlovski)		1d
Jones's Boy		1d
Economic Foundations of Australian Politics		2d
Commercial Morality		2d
Debate on Socialism (Clemenceau-Jaures)		2d
The Capitalist Class (Kautsky)		2d
The Proletariat (Kautsky)		2d
The Class Struggle (Kautsky)		2d
The Socialist Commonwealth (Kautsky)		2d
Economics of Labor (H. Quelch)		2d
Socialism and the Worker (F. A. Sorge)		2d
The Future of Woman (H. Burrows)		2d
Socialism and the Survival of the Fittest (J. Connell)		2d
The Evils of Competition (B. O'Donnell)		2d
Some Objections to Socialism Answered ("Tatler")		2d
The Class War (A. W. Humphrey)		2d

The following Pamphlets at 1s 6d per doz.

Women & the Social Problem (May Simons)	2d
The Evolution of the Class Struggle (W. Noyes)	2d
Revolutionary Unionism (Eugene V. Debs)	2d
Wage Labor and Capital (Karl Marx)	2d
The Man Under the Machine (A. M. Simons)	2d
The Mission of the Working Class (C. Vail)	2d
Parable of the Water Tank (E. Bellamy)	2d
Why I Am a Socialist (G. D. Herron)	2d
Science and Socialism (R. Rives la Monte)	2d
A Sketch of Social Evolution (Boyd-Mackay)	2d
You and Your Job (C. Sandhu)	2d
Class Unionism (Eugene V. Debs)	2d
The Philosophy of Socialism (A. M. Simons)	2d
An Appeal to the Young (Peter Kropotkin)	2d
Industrial Union Methods (W. E. Trautmann)	2d
The Seal (Jack London)	2d
Marx on Cheapness (Trans. Rives la Monte)	2d
Industrial Unionism (Eugene V. Debs)	2d
Anti-Militarism and Anti-Patriotism	2d
New Socialist Catechism (B. Bax & H. Quelch)	2d
The Materialist Conception of History (Dugan)	2d
The Wolves (R. A. Wason)	2d
Socialism, Utopian and Scientific (F. Engels)	2d
Socialism, Revolution, and Internationalism (G. Deville)	2d
Socialism Made Easy (James Connolly)	2d

All orders for above Pamphlets to the amount of One Shilling and upwards will be sent post free; for smaller amounts One Penny Postage per Pamphlet must be added.

Common Objections to Socialism Answered (R. B. Sutherland)	4d	Posted 6d
Merric England (Blatchford)	4d	Posted 6d
Britain for the British (Blatchford)	4d	Posted 6d
God and My Neighbor (Blatchford)	4d	Posted 6d
Equality (E. Bellamy)	6d	Posted 8d
Looking Backwards (E. Bellamy)	6d	Posted 8d
Martyrdom of Ferrer (McCabe)	6d	Posted 8d
Field, Factory and Workshop (Kropotkin)	8d	Posted 10d
Not Guilty (Blatchford)	8d	Posted 10d
Sorecery Shop (Blatchford)	8d	Posted 10d
Outlooks from the New Standpoint (Belfort Bax)	1s	Posted 1s 3d
The 15th Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte (Karl Marx)	1s	Posted 1s 3d
The Encyclopedia of Social Reform, by W. D. P. Bliss. Cloth binding 17s 6d, post 19s 6d. Leather binding 21s 6d, post 23s 6d. Original prices, cloth 15s, leather 22s 15s.		

The International Socialist, 4s per year, 1d per copy
The Socialist (Victoria), 4s per year 1d per copy
The Commonwealth (New Zealand), 1s yearly, 1d each

Order from O. W. Jorgensen, Secretary, Literature Department, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.
Also procurable at 61 Goulburn-street.

THE International Socialist Club

274 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Reading Room, open from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m., on week-days only. Interstate and International Socialist and Labor Papers filed.

The finest Socialist and Labor Library in Australia.

Any person of the age of 21 years and upwards is eligible for membership, subject to election at an Executive meeting.

Subscription: 5s per Quarter in advance.

Comrades arriving from other countries, who can show financial contribution card of any Socialist organisation, may be elected as temporary members of the Club for a term of three months after their arrival, and shall be free from contribution during that time.

Liedertafel meets Weekly for Practice.

S.F.A. Post Cards.

- "What the Labor Party has got for the Politician with Compulsory Arbitration—Osborne Park, Gore Hill, the residence of Mr. W. M. Hughes, M.P.;" and "What the Labor Party has got for the Workers with Compulsory Arbitration—Miners' Mansions at Plattsburg."
- "Coal Country Contrasts." "The residence of Mr. Alex. Ross (Wallend Coal Co.), Plattsburg;" and "Miners' Homes on Wallend Co.'s Estate at Plattsburg."
- "Where the Miners Live." "Pitt Town, Wallend;" and "Miners' Homes."
- "The Red Flag Brigade"—jailed for protesting against the Coercion Act.
- H. E. Holland—sentenced to two years' hard labor in Albury Jail for sedition for a speech in connection with the Broken Hill Lockout.
- 1909 Conference Delegates.

One Penny Each. Assorted Packets, 6 for 4d. Postage Extra.
Wholesale from General Treasurer, S.F.A., 274 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Printed and published for the Proprietors, the International Socialist Club, by HENRY EDWARDS HOLMAN, at 61 Goulburn-street Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.